

Children of the bad revolution

by ArabellaCarmichael

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Draco M., Ginny W., Harry P., Hermione G.

Pairings: Harry P./Ginny W., Hermione G./Draco M.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 18:20:25

Updated: 2016-04-16 18:51:21

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:31:17

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 8,379

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Blaise was stung with guilt but he had to say it "you won't stand by and watch Draco, you couldn't if you tried and you'll get yourself killed." Wet streaks trailed the harsh angles of Draco's face "You don't understand. You don't have a fucking clue what you're talking about!" his wand was grasped in his hand. Blaise took a deep breath "I do, I know you're in love with her."

1. Lift your eyes

I have this whole Fic pre written. It's a re-write of a previous fanfiction but hopefully much improved.

This is Dramione with hard-core angst, will be turned to an M rating shortly.

There will be language, graphic sexual scenes and references to non-con (Won't actually happen - I'm not down with that) plenty of suspense, anger and tension though.

Dramione are as authentic and 'in character' as I can let them be whilst making the storyline possible. I prefer fanfic's which seem realistic.

Harry-Ginny-Ron-Daphne-Blaise-Theo-Pansy-lavender- Luna - Neville all running as background characters throughout. They have their own (minor) romantic sub plots and of course are catalysts for the main drama.

Hermione watches the future she wants slip away. Draco has a deep secret involving her and so does Ron. The ministry make a rash decision in the face of a crisis...how long will it take them to realise they're wrong? Or were they?

All character are as 'in character' as I can allow them to be.

I love feed back and I WILL update faster with a good response so please, please, please review.

I am writing this without a beta so if you can't forgive the odd wrong letter or small grammatical error then best not read.

I do not own Harry potter, I am simply playing with the characters.

****Forgive me Draco fans for I have sinned, he'll be a douchbag until his big confession.****

* * *

><p>Draco sat in silence, bathed in the dark glow of the candles which hovered above him.<p>

The great hall was quiet, dinner was in progress and his first day back here had beenâ€|heinous.

Hogwarts closed for months after the war and now he wished it hadn't bothered re-opening. He longed for the solitude of the manor and the zipped lips of Malfoy Industries employees. They would never dare to talk about him in the same hushed whispers which flooded the corridors since he arrived back here yesterday evening.

"As soon as we get out of this hell hole we'll be moving into the manor of course. I can't believe they made us come back. It won't last, it can't. There aren't enough of our kind anymore and Draco's running Malfoy industries for merlin's sake. How do they expect him to do that from Hogwarts?"

A sea of black and green sat proudly around him but non prouder than Pansy whose voice cut through him like a Cruciatus curse. Her hand kept brushing against his thigh, he wanted to stop herâ€|but he didn't.

Slytherin house were wearing him like a badge of honour. A testament to their 'new breed' of post war aristocracy. It hadn't stopped blood prejudice, it merely forced it underground. The rest of the school weren't fooled though and the tension in the hall tonight could have been cut with one of the large, blunt, silver butter knives Draco held in his hand.

"You alright mate?" Blaise leant over to Draco "Haven't heard a word out of you since we arrived."

Blaise was much more welcome company than Pansy 'money grabbing' Parkinson. Draco was about to answer when he saw the Golden Trio storm through the doors with potter at the helm and weasel bringing up the rear. Where he belonged.

"What no fanfare?" Theodore snipped from across the table "Ministry are really cheaping out there"

"That surprises you? They're broke" Pansy grinned, casually taking a sip from her goblet "Apparently wars expensive and our back handers were their main source of income...and they say crime doesn't pay."

"You bitch" Theodore grinned

Draco looked around at the other tables whispering, at least he wasn't the only one being talked about.

"When did they get back?" Blaise asked

"Today I heard" Daphne said "The ministry had them for some appearance or meeting. My father says there's something going on. Something big but he doesn't know what. They've frozen him out ever sinceâ€¦you know" Daphne dipped her head in shame but there was no need, all the pureblood families had been ostracized by the ministry. All except Draco but there were mitigating factors involved and needless to say, he wasn't exactly welcomed.

"I bet Golden balls over there knows what's going on. Maybe you should ask him Daphne" Pansy smirked, starring at the back of Potters head "Or better yetâ€¦befriend the mudblood and ask her."

A knife clattered to the floor. Draco slammed his hand down on the table in front of Pansy and the whole table froze.

"Don't call her that, don't call anyone that. Ever"

"I'm just saying what we're all thinking." She whimpered.

Draco gritted his teeth "Has it not sunk through that thick skull of yours yet? We can't say it. Think it but keep your mouth shut."

Blaise grinned clapping Draco on the back, diffusing the tension "There he is, jeez Draco mate you gave us a scare. I thought we were going to have to spend the whole year with you silently sulking in the corner."

"Gave you a scare? I thought he was turning into one of them" Theo said "The day Draco Malfoy turns 'Muggle Hugger' is the day I'll give up on life."

"He's a bastard" Pansy whimpered to Daphne, licking her wounded pride.

Blaise heard her "He's Draco, you knew what you were signing up to and he happens to be right. You can't say that word anymore. Even if ****you**** think it."

"Draco Malfoy will never change" Theo grinned "and I for oneâ€¦would never want him to. If he did, we'd all be done for."

The words stuck in Draco's head just like all the other's.

There was one conversation he'd overheard in the library this morning which ran through his thoughts like the Hogwarts Express. Whispers exchanged between a group of fourth year girls.

"Shouldn't he be in Azkaban, isn't he dangerous?"

_"No, didn't you hear? He changed sides' last minute." _

__-"That's not true he fought with his family. __

__-"I heard that his mother saved Harry Potter's life."__

__-"Who told you that? Can't be true"__

__-"Ginny Weasley , she's in my sisters year, so it's definitely true."__

__-"No one's seen his parents in months. He inherited everything, he's like the richest wizard in the world now."__

__-"The ministry should seize it all if you ask me."__

__-"They can't, the Malfoys are psycho, they cursed everything generations ago â€|or so my dad says. That's why they're so focused on having 'heirs' Malfoy industries, everything, it'll cease to exist if there's no Malfoy at the helm of it. Better Draco than his dad."__

__-'My mother feels sorry for him, said it's not his fault with parents like his.' __

__- 'My dad said that 'Little Lord Deatheater' will be running the Ministry in five years time at this rate. Then my mum cried.'__

Draco shuddered â€|he'd rather be hated, berated and even assaulted than pitied. A small part of him, very deep down had held out hope that coming back here would feel normal and comforting. It Didn't.

Blaise's voice cut through the table "I thought this would all be moreâ€|normal"

Daphne nodded, "Me too, Hogwarts feels likeâ€|a roaring fire that's had a bucket of ice water thrown over it."

They all nodded, it was an accurate description of the school right now.

Blaise lowered his voice so that the girls wouldn't over hear him.

"Pansy isn't actually moving into the manor is she mate?" he asked.

It wasn't that Blaise disliked Pansy. It was that Draco did, most of the time and the two under one roof would be a nightmare.

"You know you'll have to marry her if she does, she'd be ruined otherwise" he grimaced at the thought.

Draco smirked "Oh Blaiseâ€| she's been ruined already. Trust me."

Theo heard and choked on his mouthful of pumpkin juice.

Draco knew Pansy wasn't moving into the manor. No matter what she told people. He'd rather live with Potter right now.

Pansy was great when she was in your corner but one argument and she'd blab everything to Daphne and Millicent. Everything! Daphne had been raised the epitome of a pureblood wife so had the good sense to never repeat anything she heard, unless directly asked. However, Millicent was like a fog horn on legs.

"She's not moving in. I assure you" Draco said

Blaise smiled "Thank fuck for small miracles because I for one am far from done with the stranger danger fan club."

Theo twisted his face "The what?"

"You didn't tell him?"

Draco shook his head "Why would I?"

"Tell me what?" Theo asked

Blaise glanced over to make sure Pansy was still distracted.

"The night Draco got acquitted we went drinking in Diagon Alley to celebrate. Draco was worried he'd get spotted by villagers wielding pitchforks so we ended up in the back room at Frogtail & Firewhiskey. He was a bit fucked anyway—mentally, after the trial. Fire whisky wasn't helping. I was about to take him home when these girls came over. Hot girls —they used to go here actually, three years above us. They started talking about Draco being 'dangerous' and 'misunderstood'. He was so drunk he started spouting all this dark deatheater shit and the girls were just eating it up. They practically shagged us right there on the table."

Theo's mouth fell open. "What the—?"

"I know" Blaise grinned, "anyway we took them back to the manor. Now Draco's got this whole fan group who get off on him being you know—" he tapped his sleeve right above where Draco's faded dark mark sat. "I've branded them the 'Stranger Danger fan club."

"Shit—I can't believe you didn't tell me. Does Pansy know?" Theo asked

"She hasn't got a clue!" Blaise pointed his wand at his goblet, turning the water into fire whisky with a triumphant flick of his wrist.

"Of course she does" Draco's gaze rested on Pansy "She's always known what I do, she just ignores it."

2. Are you ready?

Ron was turning a violent shade of purple by the time Hermione had finally had enough!

"Stupid fucking git of a Ferret. How can they make me and Ginny spend all year looking at him?"

His voice was too loud for anyone at the table to ignore and the rest

of Gryffindor watched on nervously.

"It won't be a year if the ministry has its way though will it?" Ginny asked, realising too late that her words were not helpful.

"Please tell me you're joking. They can't have been serious!"

"The ministry can go to hell and so can this place, he should be in Azkaban or worse." Ron fumed.

Harry shook his head. The war had changed them all and split them right down the middle. The one's who'd learnt to forgive and focus on moving forward and the one's who'd grown bitter and angry. Ron was the latter. The more time passed the more resentment he felt for the people who'd taken his brother from him.

Harry didn't blame him but watching his best friends spiral into misery and darkness wasn't easy. He didn't know how Hermione managed, she'd stood so firmly by Ron's side through it all, sheer dumb love he supposed. He'd have done the same for Ginny, if she were as bad as Ron.

The way Hermione saw it though, Malfoy was the least of their problems right now.

"I wish we were joking, the ministry have lost their minds. It's fear and panic. They'll calm down and realise they're being idiots" Hermione whispered to Ginny who sat beside her.

"Him and his bloody Death Eating family. I'll do the job myself if I ever get the chance. Nobody's safe." Ron carried on chuntering to himself.

Over Ron's shoulder Hermione could see Draco and his usual crowd, the regular smirk had been replaced by a scowl and a vacant stare toward a plate of chicken which wasn't being eaten.

"He's not dangerous, he's broken there's a difference and you heard Kingsley. He's not going anywhere, people's livelihoods rely on him, unfortunately."

"There he is again, just buying himself out of trouble I hate him" Ron fumed.

"Yes Ronald, we're all aware of how much you hate Malfoy. We've been listening to it for six bloody months" she clapped her hand to her mouth, she'd finally snapped. "I'm sorry, I know how much losing well I know how much it hurt but we have bigger problems to focus on right now."

Ron dropped his head to the table, deflated and looking more like himself than he had in months.

"So is it true then?" Ginny asked again, no matter how many time she heard it she couldn't believe it. There had been rumours, sure. Arthur hadn't held anything back when he'd told them about the 'crisis' the ministry were facing over dinner at the burrow last week.

Financial crisis, population crisis, moral and social Crisis. You name it they were facing a crisis for it. Winning the war was supposed to solve the problems, instead it brought a bag full of its own. Displaced people, unstable economics, but it could have been worse, so much worse.

Kingsley had called Harry, Hermione and Ron to his office this morning. He'd wanted to tell them the news himself. A small kindness.

'Emergency Reforms' were being offered up by the council. Rash, illogical reforms that on the surface would solve their problems but Kingsley couldn't even look them in the eye to divulge the details. Not surprisingly none of the old coots who proposed them would actually be affected by them.

Kingsley offered his sincerest apologies and hope that the reforms wouldn't pass the council vote today butâ€¦

"It'll never pass the vote. We didn't fight for freedom from one controlling darkness just to get forced into another."

Hermione frowned "Well I'm glad to know that's how you view marriage Ronald"

Ron bit his lip "Well not us, me and you, Harry and Ginny, we were going to get married anyway eventually. It's everyone else who's going to suffer. They can't do it."

"They can actually" Hermione said, a sombre look on her face.

Harry felt his stomach drop into his shoes. He knew she'd research it the second they left Kingsley's' office.

"What did you find?" he asked.

Hermione grimaced "There wasn't muchâ€¦even in the restricted section, it was the first place I looked. There was one entry though in 'Magical Census 1920-1925. It referenced a proclamation to combat a huge fall in magical population. That was because of a war tooâ€¦but a muggle one."

"World war one?" Harry nodded.

"You'd be surprised how many witches and wizards actually got mixed up in that."

"World war what? Can we get back to the point please?" Ron snapped.

Hermione nodded "Well that's all it said, ministry legislation states that they have the right to enforce any and all proclamations they see fit in times of crisis."

Harry shuddered, this was not going to end well.

"When do you think they'll announceâ€¦"

He was cut off when the door behind him flew open. The hall fell into silence and in strode Kingsley closely followed by an entourage of

grey coats and black bags, at least six of them. Behind him came Professor McGonagall, muttering under her breath.

"Blimey she doesn't look happy" Ron whispered.

"Oh merlin, it's happening" Hermione felt Ron grip her hand, he leant over to her shoulder and whispered...

"I'd have married you anyway, you were born to be a Weasley. We'll be happy."

Hermione's eyes flickered shut and she filled her head with images of a happy life at the burrow, to calm her thundering heart.

The golden eagle spread its wings when McGonagall took her stand. Voice cutting through the great hall "Good evening students, I'm pleased to be welcoming all of you back to another year here at Hogwarts." Her shrill, voice wobbled as she ended her sentence. "We have been through dark times in these walls but we have emerged victorious."

"Not if your surnames Malfoy" Ron grumbled, ignoring the 'shut up' look that Hermione shot him.

"I would like to remind all of you that a memorial statue has been erected in the south courtyard to ensure that those we have lost live on forever in their rightful place, here. In respect of announcements, we shall have a new defence against the dark arts professor and a new potions master joining us, until they arrive with us those classes will be split between myself and Ministry nominated candidates." her thin lips tightened and Kingsley shifted uncomfortably next to her.

"Here we go" Ron grinned

"Will you shut up" Hermione hissed

"There is one more announcement to be made, all students who are not yet aged sixteen please dismiss yourselves and return to your common rooms." The hall erupted into a sea of quizzical glances and whispered questions. The younger years took their time getting up from the tables reluctant not to be left out of whatever was about to happen.

"Quickly now, any prefects left amongst you control your houses!" At this the crowd of younger years began to move quickly. Few prefects were under sixteen but between them they managed.

The house tables looked like a wasteland. No more than fifty students were left scattered around the room. All of the returning seventh year and a few of the older sixth's.

McGonagall spoke again her words echoed around the now empty hall "I'm afraid that the news I bear will be of great consequence to those of you who remain. It is not of my own doing but has been decided upon by your ministry."

Kingsley attempted to step in but McGonagall brushed off his attempts.

"They will hear this from me Kingsley" she said sternly.

He shrank back to the chair behind him, followed by the small group of grey coats.

"Amongst you are some of the bravest young witches and wizards I have ever had the pleasure of teaching but I must ask you, once again, to be brave. We have suffered losses beyond comprehension." Her eyes landed on Ron and Hermione as she spoke. "We were not the only ones, the magical population had decreased so severely that if we do not take action magic may be lost entirely within four generations.

McGonagall continued "As of tomorrow you will be adults and your time living here at Hogwarts will come to an end. There will still be classes on offer, for those of you who did not obtain their newts last year but these will be elective and you will travel in and out of Hogwarts to attend them. To each and every one of you I offer my deepest regrets and sympathy." Her head dipped as she finished and she took hold of the podium to steady herself.

Harry grinned at the look of horror on Kingsleys face. He was at least going to 'try' and sell it as a 'positive' thing but and good old McGonagall, she got right to the point.

Kingsley took the stage "Before I continue, I must warn you, as you are now adults any unlawful outburst will be punishable" he looked worried for own safety, cowering on the stand.

"We will make the transition as easy as possible, you will be placed into appropriate jobs. Your emotional and physical well being will be monitored, we don't want cause unnecessary distress."

Ron snorted so loudly the whole hall could hear.

"You will be expected to marry.." Kingsley had barely spoken the words when the room erupted into outrage. Even the other professors looked disgusted.

"This is not limited to you, these same measures are taking place everywhere as we speak. Given the war I thought it only right I come to Hogwarts myself. As a mixed gender school our job is made slightly easier as you will be paired up with your classmates, people you already know. That kindness is not being extended to everybody." The commotion in the hall settled as the gravity of the situation sunk in.

Harry held his head in his hands "Honestly, I haven't felt like a child in years, this isn't even the worst thing that's happened to us and we're only seventeen."

Ron nodded "Would I rather join the adult world than come back here and carry on as though nothing happened? Yeah I would actually but they can't force people together, it's not right."

At the end of the table Katie Bell leapt "Do we get to choose who we get?" her voice desperate the whole hall waited for an answer.

McGonagall walked briskly to the front of the hall and summoned a wooden stool.

"I don't like where this is going" Harry muttered.

The sorting hat was brought out, held by Kingsley at arm's length, it grumbled to itself "Political...stupid...idiots" Hermione heard from her seat...she couldn't agree more.

"I really don't like where this is going" Ron paled.

"You're taking this...well, are you feeling ok?" Ginny asked, the Hermione she knew should have been up on her moral/ethical soap box by now, putting the ministry in it's place.

"Just go with it. Get through tonight and we'll come up with a plan. The council will realise how moronic their reform is. They acted rashly. This is all going to be ok Ginny I promise." Hermione whispered.

McGonagall raised her wand "Boys, I am casting a painless enchantment which will gather all of the information we need to ensure you are given your correct match. Some of you are more than capable of resisting it. I urge you not to. Else you will end up matched with the wrong people."

A blast of blue light fluttered from the end of her wand, along the tabled and around the boys.

"In one ear and out the otherâ€¦literally" Ginny grinned as she watched.

Apart from Shamus fainting half way through it went smoothly. The blue lights, once extracted, were consumed by the hat who chewed over them like they were toffee's.

"Interestingâ€¦hmm, didn't get that one rightâ€¦well I never" it commented vaguely as it went.

When it was finished McGonagall spoke "Now Ladies, if you will form a line."

"Professor, why can't we chose our own matches?" Hermione could help herself.

"The council think it important that everyone is, well matched. Believe it or not Miss Granger, this is the kindest way." Hermione shook her head; this didn't feel kind at all.

"As in first year, your name will be called you will be sorted, I mean matched." The girls shifted uncomfortably at McGonagall's words "You may experience a brief headache, especially those of you who have not had your mind deeply read before. The hat will be able to see your memories, dreams, deepest fears and full character. You will be expected to receive your new partner graciously."

McGonagall looked completely mortified by her own words. As the girls rose from their seats glances of fear were exchanged. Hermione knew as head girl she should lead them into this but before she could

volunteer herself McGonagall had called the first name.

"Luna Lovegood" Luna stumbled forward, taking her seat with a placid smile on her face. Nothing phased her, Hermione wondered whether she fully grasped the severity of the situation.

Hermione liked to think herself a logical girl, logic told her that there was no point in fearing the inevitable. Her life was not in danger tonight, nor the lives of her friends. She had every intention of finding a way out of this, it wouldn't be forever, so what did it matter who she was matched with? Shifting her weight from one brown school shoe to the other, she already knew the answer, the reason that fear was curdling in the pit of her stomach.

What if she didn't get Ronald?

Admitting it felt like jinxing herself but as much as she loved him, and she did love him, she was smart enough to know that the chances of him being her perfect match were slim. Glancing over her shoulder she saw the look on Ron's face and knew he was thinking the same thing.

"NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM" the hat shouted.

"Yes" Neville shouted from his seat, Luna smile and when she hurried back to the table they greeted each other with a warm, slightly awkward, hug.

"At least it got that one right." Ginny muttered next to her. If Ginny didn't get Harry, Hermione didn't know what the little red head would do.

"Daphne Greengrass" McGonagall's voice interrupted them as the second blonde girl took to the stool and waited.

"She doesn't look nervous at all, what's wrong with her?" Hermione whispered to Ginny, Pansy cackled behind them as though Hermione were completely stupid.

Ginny blushed "Well, she wasn't going to get to choose who she married anyway. This is just a legal version of what the purebloods have been doing for years. If anything she stands a much better chance of being happy. Her parents would have sold her off to the highest bidder...essentially."

Hermione gulped, suddenly very glad she hadn't been born into a pureblood family.

"That's archaic."

"I know" Ginny nodded.

"BLAISE ZABINI" Daphne Smiled. The Slytherin boys, who until now, had looked ready to massacre the entire hall death eater style, softened into mild celebrations. A few claps landed on Blaise's back. The guy himself looked utterly relieved, pleased even. He rose, a large smile on his face and greeted her.

"Hopefully the hat will marry that whole rotten lot off to each other, they deserve it" Ginny seethed.

Draco had been watching this whole farce unfold in silence, the feeling was similar to falling from his broom a hundred feet up. Whilst the others had protested at the horrific turn of events, he had said nothing. Malfoy's kept their composure and after a year with the dark lord as a house guest, nothing the ministry did would ever break him.

"Congratulations" he offered to Blaise and Daphne as they sat down.

Theo jolted Blaise in the ribs "You got the only pureblood girl on offer that Draco hasn't shagged, lucky bugger."

Daphne was a catch, there was no doubting that. Although Draco had never tried to coax the blonde into bed. There were some pure blood girls who cried out to be played with, Daphne wasn't one of them. A timid and generally placid girl she'd never cropped up on Draco's radar, he didn't aim to hurt or dishonour those who didn't want it.

Theo nudged Draco "Don't worry, you'll get Pansy it's a sure thing"

Blaise must of heard and shot Draco a knowing look. Blaise was the only one in the world who knew Draco's secret.

Draco didn't want Pansy but he wouldn't get who he wanted.

"Ginerva Weasley" McGonagall called, a flash of red hair flew past Hermione's shoulder. Glancing back she saw Harry bracing himself with Ron holding his arm firmly.

The hat was barely on her shinning red hair before it shouted "HARRY POTTER" and a roar of cheers erupted from the Gryffindor table. Ginny's cheeks glistened with relief as she leapt from the stool and landed in Harry's arms. Ron stood behind them looking up at Hermione, longingly.

The next few matches went quickly and relatively painlessly, no one Hermione was close to, although Katie Bell managed to land Gregory Vanstorm. The Raven Claw Quidditch captain was quite easily one of the hottest guys in school. Ironically Katie had been talking to Ginny and Hermione earlier that day about how the boys had developed over their extended summer and listed him second on her 'top five'.

"Have you seen Neville?" Ginny had laughed.

"Neville Longbottom a hottie I never thought I'd see the day. He has to make top five now." Katie had replied.

"Don't worry we won't tell Harry" Hermione grinned when Ginny blushed.

Ginny put her books down on the stone wall of the courtyard "What number in your top five?" She'd asked Katie.

"Third" Katie grinned "There's only two guys in school I'd say are hotter than him now, Vannstrom and Malfoy" she stopped abruptly. "Nevermind"

"What were you going to say?" Ginny's usually sweet expression turned to curiosity.

"I was going to say Malfoy, I'm sorry, I didn't think at all it just came out. He's a monster and monsters don't make the list."

Hermione's mouth hung open "How can you think he's? Are we talking about the same Draco Malfoy?" she exclaimed "Ferret face Malfoy?"

Katie nodded and Ginny shifted on the spot "I heard some fourth years have photos of him in their dorms" she admitted.

"I heard that too" Katie nodded "The photo from the prophet where he's coming out of the muggle club with his shirt off. He is a monster but he has the body of a god!"

Hermione flushed red "That article was showing his dark mark Katie! I can't believe anyone finds that attractive!" she stormed off to the library. She had better things to do.

4. Is it wrong?

"Pansy Parkinson" McGonagall called her name and Pansy strutted to the stool, her skirt as always was far too short, and across the hall her eyes locked with Draco's.

Hermione watched Draco shrug, wondering whether he wanted Parkinson anywhere near as much as the pug face wanted him.

A chill was shooting down Draco's spine, "Better the devil you know" he supposed.

The hat deliberated longer than it had on anybody else's head. Mumbling to itself. Hermione just caught was it was saying.

"You want him, hmmm, my you do don't you?..he's not right for you though. You would be happy, for a time but in the long run! So much prejudice in one marriage, no"

"Just bloody give me him!" Pansy spat and Hermione swore she saw the hat smile before shouting!.

"RONALD WEASLEY"

Pansy almost fell off the stool. The hall was so quiet Hermione heard the tiny whimper Ron let out.

"No! No, you can't do that you stupid! accessory!" Pansy's mouth hung open, about to vomit on the hall floor.

Hermione watched her dream of a happy future at the burrow slip away, Pansy began to sob, a sight Hermione had never expected to see. Lavender Brown however, erupted into choking fits and wailing that Hermione was surprised hadn't happened earlier. That drama queen loved attention.

"It'll be ok" Millicent sprang forward from the small group of girls left.

She helped Pansy off the stool, past Hermione and toward the table where Ron waited "Don't cry" she soothed.

Hermione's eyes narrowed "Yeahâ€¦|wouldn't want you to melt" the girls around her looked shocked, the one's who'd watched the wizard of oz at least.

Pansy scowled at her "You'll get your Granger, I hope you're paired with Cormac for the rest of your life."

Harry and Ginny had hold of Ron's arms "Hermione said just to get through tonight, we'll find a way out, if the ministry don't retract the reform by then. It's not forever" Ginny whispered to him.

"Easy for you to say" he shuddered.

Slytherin were restless.

"She's gonna murder him in his sleep and end up in Azkaban" Blaise said, leaning into Draco shoulder.

"Probably" he nodded

Blaise lowered his voice to barely audible "You knowâ€¦|she's still up there. You might get her" he said.

Draco's eyes locked onto him with rage. "Shut the fuck up Blaise or I'll murder you and keep Pansy company in Azkaban"

Lavender was still wailing in Hermione's left ear. She'd wanted Ron of course; the whole school knew she'd been running around after him for years. It had only got worse after the war, famous Ron was even more appealing to Lavender than normal Ron had been and it had grated on Hermione's patience.

"Will you shut up?" she glared at Lavender "He didn't want you!"

The whole hall had heard her and Lavender crumpled into even more theatrical tears.

"You think you're so special don't you?" she whimpered.

"Hermione Granger" McGonagall spoke crisply, having watched the little encounter. Hermione took the stool.

Theodore sniggered "Hold your breath boys.." The whole Slytherin table took an exaggerated breath and held it. All except Blaise and Draco.

"Brightest witch of her age and the best looking third of the golden trio, don't think you've got anything to worry about." Blaise glared at him. "You'd be lucky to land a Patil"

Theodore deflated his held breath with a disgruntled huff and Daphne giggled, she secretly quite liked Granger.

"Draco" Blaise whispered, his best friend was staring at his goblet

so intensely Blaise thought it might burst into flames. Even he didn't know 'exactly' what Draco was capable of after his year with the Dark Lord.

Draco, who had turned a pale shade of green to match his tie, struggled over his words. "I can't have her" he whispered.

Theodore grinned, he must have heard "Well, they'll always be a cell you can share with Pansy, always a way out" he winked. Only Blaise had even a vague insight into the real agony behind Draco's words.

The hat was silentâ€¦ minutes passed and Hermione could feel her heart been in her toes.

"You wouldn't have been happy" the hat offered, "You both think you would but you wouldn't"

Lavender smirked at her from the front of the line as if to say "I told you Ronikins was better off with me" Hermione could practically hear her words.

"DRACO MALFOY" the hat shouted.

A piece of cutlery fell from a table in the background and the clatter echoed around the room. The catalyst that started the war, Gryffindor and Slytherin were on their feet, abuse being hurled, wands being drawn. The professors got ready to intervene whilst the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw students picked their sides or slunk away the edge of the hall. Amongst the noise came Hermione's voice.

"Stop!" She shouted. They all did, watching her.

Gulping down bile that had risen in her throat she shakily rose from the stool, filled her heart with determination and detachment, then headed toward the one and only, Malfoy. She felt numbâ€¦probably best.

Draco stood, not knowing what else to do, the boys around him starred in utter disbelief.

"Sorry, I didn't meanâ€¦|holy fuck" Theo muttered.

Draco tried to shift his features into anything other than his current horrified scowl. He managed a nervous smirk. When she stood before him she offered her hand out and he shook it, awkwardly, sitting back down with her. The whole hall watched in awe and the two spent the rest of the session staring at the spot directly in front of them on the table but at least it passed quickly and with no more dramatics.

After all, if 'Mudblood Ganger' could accept 'Ferret Face Malfoy' then none of the other students had a leg to stand on.

"Granger Iâ€¦|" Draco began as Kingsley finally headed back to the stage

Hermione winced "Don'tâ€¦|just don't. I can't right now" she hissed, closing her eyes.

Blaise watched the anger fill Draco's pale eyes as he was rebuffed. Oh no, this was not going to end well.

As the last couple sat down Kingsley took the stand and both Hermione and Draco managed to focus on him.

"Thank you all, this has not been easy for any of you but your maturity tonight makes me confident that we will succeed in this together. You will need to marry within the next week although you will not be fully bound to each other. The marriage bonds will be reversible, should you wish once requirements have been met."

"Well at least they're being moderately reasonable" Ginny sighed, head on Harry's shoulder. Fully bound Marriages were irreversible, no way out, ever.

Kingsley indicated to the small group of Grey coated council workers, "We will be stationed in the room of requirement all week, each couple will need to visit to discuss practicalities of their future, once completed you will be free to leave and will be adults in your own rights.

"Does this mean we can legally use magic outside of Hogwarts, I'm sixteen?" A girl from Ginny's year popped up at the end of the Hufflepuff row.

"Yes, you will be an adult" Kingsley nodded before continuing "Those of you who wish to, may make your own wedding arrangements, however ceremony's will be offered by the black lake all evening. We encourage you to use the facility. Travel restrictions in the school have been fully removed until midnight so your family and friends may come and go as they wish. Trains will take the rest of you home throughout the week, until the proper apparition points have been completed here. I will warn you now, any attempts to escape your future spouses or to harm them will result in your incarceration. If you genuinely prefer that, then make yourself known to a ministry employee and we will facilitate it."

Ron was weighing up his options but Harry just shook his head, sternly.

Kingsley walked straight out of the hall, he didn't appear to have enjoyed his speech. The tables sat in silence for a few moments before anyone dared to move.

Harry stuttered leaning over to Ginny, her beautiful green eyes locked on his "I know we don't have to fully bond but I want"

"I know" she smiled "I want to too"

5. Girl that got away

(Don't despise me, I'm not a big fan of Flashbacks in fanfiction generally. I've made an exception as I believe, in this case, it's needed.)

* * *

><p>Flash back: What happened after the trio escaped Malfoy Manor that night.<p>

* * *

><p>"Blaise!" The gasping, broken voice of his best friend came echoing from the gloomy hall of The Zabini Chateau. Blaise's mother was out, with her latest conquest a council member, she was hedging her bets behind closed doors in case the dark lord should fall.<p>

"Draco? Dear Merlin what happened?" Blaise barely made it, grasping Draco by his arm pits, in time to stop him falling to the floor.

There was blood, lots of blood.

"Is it yours?" Blaise asked, he could never be sure, not with the Dark lord residing firmly in Malfoy Manor these past months.

"No" Draco shuddered

Blaise pulled his black robe off as they reached his mother's imported rug, she would kill him but Blaise didn't care. Needs must.

"Granger" Draco rasped, his breathing unsteady.

Blaise paled, sadness filling his big brown eyes "What happened to Granger?" he asked.

She was dead, Blaise was almost sure. It was only ever a matter of time before the trio were and he knew it would be the thing that sent Draco over the edge, when it happened.

"Sheâ€|tortured her, in front of me, she scarred her. Mudblood. I didn't stop it, I couldn't stop it." Draco was shaking, Blaise had never seen him like this. Not even as a child.

"Who tortured her?" Blaise raised his wand to the hall, bringing up the wards in full force, nobody was getting through until he knew what had happened tonight.

"Who tortured her Draco?" he shouted, praying it was Narcissa or someone who would have held backâ€|as best they could.

"Aunt Bella"

Blaise felt sick.

"Is she alive?" he asked.

"No"

Blaise was going to be sick, Draco would never recover, he knew it. His best friend was goneâ€|

"The house elf brought the chandelier down on her, I don't give a fuck though she deserved to die and at least â€|Granger's. Alive."

A weight lifted off Blaise's shoulders.

"So Granger is safe?"

"She got out if that's what you mean but no Blaise—she's not fucking safe. None of them are."

Blaise squared his shoulders and sat down with a thud. The time had come, as he had always known it would.

All those nights Draco spent brooding in front of the fire in the Slytherin common room, all the days he sat silent in class staring down at the table and all the horrible hurtful words which spewed from his mouth when he didn't.

Nobody else had seen it, but Blaise had. The awkward brushes in the corridor, the look Draco displayed when he was watching her, and thought that nobody was watching him. Blaise had seen through the cracks, the flashes of Draco, in the vulnerable moments caught between the death eating adult and the boy he'd grown up inside.

"What are you going to do?" He asked

"There's nothing I can do, it's too late."

"What if we win?" Blaise asked, realising that for both of them, that had become the worry.

"Then we win" Draco stonewalled.

"—and you'll watch them kill Granger?"

Draco winced but Blaise pushed on

"Watch her bleed to death in agony, at your feet?"

Draco looked like he was about to vomit on the imported rug but Blaise had to keep going—it was time Draco faced this.

"That'll be the kind part though won't it? What they'll do to her first will be the real torture. Who will take her first do you think?—I'd bet your father would relish new ways to make the Mudblood scream the name Malfo.."

"STOP" Draco shouted, his hand crossed his chest as he heaved twice but managed to pull himself back from the brink.

His eyes filled with rage, "Don't you say that! Don't you ever fucking say that!"

"It's true though" Blaise was stung with guilt but he had to say it "you won't stand by and watch Draco, you couldn't if you tried and you'll get yourself killed."

Wet pink streaks trailed the harsh angles of Draco's face "You don't understand, you don't have a fucking clue what you're talking about!" his wand was grasped in his hand, like a cornered animal in head lights.

Blaise took a deep breath, "I do, I know you're in love with her"

6. Meet me in the pale moonlight

Harry, Ron and Ginny were waiting for her outside the hall.

They'd been the first out of their seats.

Familiar, comforting arms wrapped around her and Ron sniffled against her shoulder. Draco hadn't followed her out yetâ€¦thank god.

"Oh thank the lord, we were so worried!"

Mrs Weasley came running through the hall, her cardigan sleeve stuffed with tissues, she looked like she'd been crying. Mr Weasley was in tow but didn't attempt to restrain her as she launched herself onto her four beloved children.

"Its barbaric. We didn't believe it when it was announced. Then the owl came, telling us we could come to Hogwarts tonight. I almost died on the spotâ€¦didn't I Arthur?" Mrs Weasleys' warm honey scent comforted Hermione but it opened a floodgate and tears began rolling involuntarily down her cheeks.

In the background Mr Weasleys nodded. "A heart attack was imminent but she pulled through. It's happening all over you know. People are being paired up with people they hardly know, can you imagine anything worse?"

"Actually, I can" Hermione thought, there was a numbness which began like a tingling in her fingers and had spread through her body. She welcomed it.

"Oh Hermione dear, don't cry, you're practically a daughter to us anyway. You, Ron, Harry and Ginny. At least we'll be one big family officially now."

Mrs Wesley's warm smile was the last straw and Ginny boiled over.

"**She didn't get Ron**!" Ginny erupted turning pink as Mrs Weasley looked like that heart attack might be 'imminent' again.

"What do you mean you didn't get Ronald? That can't be right! Who did youâ€¦|?"

They were cut off, by the snide voice Hermione least wanted to hear.

Draco stayed at the table a few minutes longer than Hermione, he watched her leave in silence.

Blaise and Daphne were the only ones to wait with him. Blaise out of choice, Daphne out of well taught loyalty to her future husband.

"Dracoâ€¦|please, don't do anything you're going to regret. " Blaise

words pleading "Don't burn down the house because the doors locked." He said, Draco had a tendency to do that and this time there was too much at stake.

"I don't want her, not like this. They can't throw me in Azkaban, they need Malfoy industries. I'll take my chances." He said, standing up and walking out. He was going to tell her she was free to go, he'd take the blame and the Ministry's wrath but when he reached the doors his blood turned to ice.

There she was, Hermione, with the Weasel's hands all over her. In front of everyone.

He stalked toward her, like a lion hunting it's prey.

"I'd thank you to take your hands off my wife Weasel" he hadn't meant his tone to sound quite that threatening but he was stood by it.

Hermione felt Draco's harsh hand around her wrist, firmly brushing Ron off of her.

Mrs Weasley looked at Draco with rage that quickly turned to disbelieve and then grief.

Then she was cupping Hermione's chin with her hand "Ohâ€|Oh my dear, I'm so sorry, so very sorry. You will always have us."

"Not if I can help it" Draco snarled.

Tears bubbled in Mrs Weasley's eyes but they were firmly gone from Hermione's she wrenched the wrist from Malfoy's malicious grasp and stormed toward the courtyard and the cold night.

He followed her, until he caught her.

"What did you do that for?" she shouted as he pulled her back by the same bruised wrist.

"Why do you get off on making things as horrific as possible for everyone around you?" a strand of hair fell in front of her face as she swatted it away angrily.

Draco smirked "Not everyoneâ€|just you Granger."

"You're despicable"

His pale eyes gleamed in the moonlight "and yet you belong with me, or so they say" he smirked.

"You don't belong with anyone!"

He moved closer brushing his chest to hers. His breathing heavy, the breath tickled her ear.

"Like it or not you're mine now Granger and I won't have you embarrassing me. Especially not with the Weasel" She snorted, pure hatred in her eyes and squared up to him as best she could. "I am not yours Malfoy. I love him and you will never be anything other than forced upon me."

Draco's breath hitched, until he hissed in her ear "You can belong with me—or you can belong to me Granger. The choice is yours."

His words sunk in with a bitter after taste and Hermione smoothed down her skirt, trying to regain some semblance of composure. She felt like she'd very suddenly, lost control.

"You can't own people" she said, breaking their locked eyes to storm down the path. It was a cool October evening and her robes blew in the wind.

Draco stood, finally able to take the deep breath he needed as she left.

"Where are we going?" he shouted after her, "Granger—get back here."

He took off after her, until he reached her side.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" he seethed.

Hermione didn't look at him, her eyes fixed to the path "To the black lake, before anyone else does."

Draco was poised to snap back at her but was thrown suddenly.

"What—why? No!" He stuttered - realising what she meant.

Hermione paused for half a second, finally meeting his eye again "Why not Malfoy. It doesn't mean anything. The sooner we make this farce official, the sooner I can go home and find a way out of it!"

"You're serious?" He asked, eyes searching hers, hoping she was joking but finding no trace.

"As a dark mark"

The words hung like daggers in the air between them. Draco look set to butcher her with them until a voice interrupted them.

"Draco?" it came cautiously from Blaise, who stood in the distance with the castle looming behind him.

"Everything ok? Mate we need to talk" he had a feeling he'd come just at the right time.

Hermione looked down at her shoes "I'll wait for you there" she huffed before carrying on down the path.

Draco released the death grip he held on his wand, which lay tucked inside the sleeve of his robe when Blaise reached him.

"That's not a locked door, that's a fucking Gryffindor fortress of doom" he seethed, glaring at Hermione's shadow as it disappeared.

Blaise shook his head "and right now it's doused in gasoline, so how

about you stop lighting matches for fun?"

End
file.